

1026

THE
Ancient History
OF
THREE BONNETS.
IN FOUR CANTOS.



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THE PERSONS.

DUNIWHISTLE, { *Father to Joukum,
Bristle, and Bawfy.*

JOUKUM, *in love with Rosie.*

BRISTLE, *a Man of Resolution.*

BAWSY, *a weaker Brother.*

BARD, *a Narrator.*

BEEF, *Porter to Rosie,*

GHAIST, *the Ghost of Duniwhistle,*

ROSIE, *an Heiress.*

T A L E

OF

T H R E E B O N N E T S.

C A N T O I.

B A R D.

WHEN men of mettle thought it nonsense,
 To heed that cleping thing ca'd conscience
 And by free-thinking had the knack,
 Of jeering iika work it spake:
 And as a learned author speaks,
 Imploy'd it like a pair of breaks,
 To hide their lewd and nasty sluices,
 Whilk eith slipt down for baith these uses.
 Then Duniwhistle, worn with years,
 And gawn the gate of his forbears,
 Commanded his hree sons to come,
 And wait upon him in his room:
 Bade Bristle steek the door: and syne,
 He thus began——

Duniwhistle.——Dear bairns of mine,
 I quickly maun submit to fate,
 And leave you three a good estate,

Which has been honourably won,
 And handed down frae sire to son,
 But clag or claim for ages past :
 Now that mayne prove the last,
 Here's thre permission Bonnets for ye,
 Which our Great Gutchers wore before ye,
 And if ye'd hae na man betray ye,
 Let naething ever wile them frae ye ;
 But keep the Bonnets on your heads,
 And hands frae signing foolish deed,
 And ye shall never want such things,
 Shall gar ye be made of by kings :
 But, if ye ever with them part,
 Fou fair ye'll for your folly smart :
 Bare-headed then ye'll look like inools,
 And dwindle down to silly tools.
 Haud up your hands now swear and say,
 As ye shall answer on a day —
 Ye'll faithfully observe my will,
 And a' its premisses fulfil.

Briffle. My worthy father, I shall strive,
 To keep your name and fame alive,
 And never shaw a faul tha's dastard,
 To gar fouk take me for a bastard :
 If e'er by me ye're disobey'd,
 May witches nightly on me ride.

Joukum. Whae'er shall dare by force or guile,
 This Bonnet aff my head to wile,
 For sic a bauld attempt shall rue,
 And ken I was begot by you,
 Else, may I like a gypsie wander,
 Or my daily bread turn pander.

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Bawfy. May I be jyb'd by great and sma',
And kytch'd like ony tennis ba',
Be the disgrace of a' my kin,
If e'er I with my bonnet twin.

Bard Now soon as each had gi'n his aith,
The auld man yielded up his breath,
Was row'd in linen white as snaw,
And to his fathers borne awa'.
But scarcely he in moss was rotten,
Before his test'ment was forgotten,
As ye shall hear frae future sonnet,
How Joukum finder'd wi' his Bonnet,
And bought frae senseless Billy Bawfy,
His to propine a giglet lassie,
While worthy Brittle, not sae doner'd,
Preserves his Bonnet, and is honour'd,
Thus Caractus did behave,
Tho' by the fate of war a slave;
His body only,—for his mind,
No Roman power could break or bind.
With Bonnet on he bauldly spake,
His greatness gart his fetters crack.
The victor did his friendship claim,
And sent him with new glories hame.

But leave we Briss and simile,
And to our tale with ardour flee.

Beyond the hills where lang the billies,
Had bred up queys and kids and fillies,
And foughten many a bloody battle,
With thieves that came to hit their catle:
There liv'd a lass kept rary-shows,
And fiddlers ay about her house,

Wha at her table fed and ranted,
With the stout ale she never wanted.
She was a winsome wench and waly,
And could put on her claiths fu' brawly,
Rumble to ilka marker-town,
And drink and fight like a dragoon:
Just sic like her wha far aff wander'd,
To get herself weel Alexander'd.
Rosie had a word of meikle filler,
Whilk-brought a hantle o' wooers till her.
Amang the rest young master Jouk,
She conquer'd ae day wi' a look:
Frae that time forth he ne'er could stay,
At hame to mind his corn or hay,
But grew a beau, and did adron
Himself with fifty bows of corn,
Forby what he took on, to rigg
Him out with linen, shoon and wig,
Snuff-boxes, sword-knots, canes and washes,
And sweeties to bestow on lasses,
Cou'd newest aiths genteely swear,
And had a course of flaws perquire:
He drank and danc'd, and sigh'd to move,
Fair Rosie to accept his love.
After dumb signs he thus began,
And spake his mind to'er like a man.

Jouknm. O take me Rosie to your arms,
And let me revel o'er your charms;
If ye say na, I needna care,
For apes or tethers made of hair,
Pen-knives or pools I miina need,
That minute ye say na, I'm dead,

O let me lie within your breast :
 And at your dainty tazle feast :
 Well do I like your sould to finger,
 And fit to her your st——s Singer.
 While on thus sun side o' the brae,
 Belongs to you, my limbs I'll lay.

Rosie. I own, sweet Sir, ye woo me frankly,
 But a' your courtship p'fars sae rankly,
 O' selfish interest, that I'm flead,
 My person least employs your head.

Joukmm. What a distinction's this you nak-
 When your poor lover's heart is breaking; (ing
 With little logic I can shew,
 That every thing you have is you :
 Besides the beauties of your person,
 These beds of flowers you set your a-e on;
 Your claihs. your lands, and lying pelf,
 Are every ane your very self,
 And add fresh lusture to these graces,
 With which adorn'd your saul and face is.

Rosie. Ye see a to have a loving flame
 For me, and hate your native hame ;
 That gais me ergh to trust you meikle,
 For fearyou shou'd prove false and fickle.

Joukum. I troth my rugged billy Bristle,
 About his gentrie makes sic fistle,
 Tha' if a body contradict him,
 He's ready with a duck to stick him ;
 That wearies me of hame I vow,
 And fain would live and die with you.

Bard Observing Jouk a wee tate tipsy,
 Smirking reply'd the paecky gipsy.

Rosie. I wad be very wae to see,
 My lover tak the pet and die;
 Wherefore I am inclin'd to ease ye,
 And do what in me lies to please ye:
 But first ere we conclude the paction,
 You must perform some gallant action,
 To prove the truth of what you've said,
 Else, for you, shall die a maid

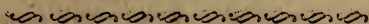
Joukum. My dearest jewel gie't a name,
 That I may win both you and fame:
 Shall I gae fight with forest bulls,
 Or cleave down troops with thicker skulls.
 Or shall I douk the deepest sea.
 And coral pou for beads to thee?
 Penty the Pope upon the nose,
 Or p--- upon a hundred beaus?

Rosie. In troth, dear lad, I wad be laith,
 To risk your life, or do you skaith,
 Only employ your canny skill,
 To gain and rive your father's will,
 With the consent of Briss and Bawlsy,
 And I shall in my bosom hawse ye,
 Soon as the fatal Bonnets three,
 Are tæ'en frae them and gien to me.

Joukum. Which to preserve I gied my aith!
 But now the cause is life and death,
 I must, or with the Bonnet part,
 Or twin with yon and break my heart:
 Sae, tho' the aith we took waa awfu',
 To keep it now appears unlawfu',
 Then, love, I'll answer thy demands,
 And fly to fetch them to your hands.

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Bard. The famous jib of Palestine
Thus drew the hooks o'er Samson's een,
And gart him tell where lay his strength,
Of which she twin'd him at the length,
Then gied him up in chains to rave,
And labour like a galey slave:
But Rosie, mind, when growing hair,
His loss of pith 'gan to repair,
He made of thousands an example,
By crushing them beneath their temple.



C A N T O II.

Bard. **T**He supper sowin-cogs and bannocks
Stood cooling on the sole o' winnocks
And, cracking at the wastlin gavels,
The wives sat beeking of their navels,
When Jouk his brither Bristle found,
Fetchin' his ev'ning wauk around
A score of ploughmen of his ain,
Who blythly whistled on the plain.
Jouk three times congee'd, Bristle anes,
Then shook hand, and thus begins.

Bristle. Wow, brither Jouk, where hae ye
I scarce can trow my looking een, (been?
Ye're grown sae braw: now weird's defend me
Gin that I had nae maist miskend ye,
And where gat ye that braw blue stringing,
That's at your houghs and shon'ders hingin'?

Ye look as sprush as one . . . 's wooing,
I ferly, lad, what ye've been doing.

Joukum. My very-much respect brither,
Should we hide ought frae ane anither,
And not, when warm'd with the same blood,
Consult ilk ane anither's good;
And be it kend ty' . . . my design,
Will profit-prove to me and mine.

Bristle. And brother, troth it much commends
Your virtue, thus to love your friends,
I makes me blyth, for aft I said,
Ye were a clever mett'd lad.

Joukum. And sae, I hope will ever prove,
If ye befriend me in my love:
For Rosie, bonny, rich and gay,
And sweet as flowers in June or May,
Her gear I'll get, her sweets I'll rifle,
If ye'll but yield me up a trifle.
Promise to do't, and yesse be free,
With ony thing pertains to me.

Bristle. I lang to answer your demand,
And never shall for trifles stand.

Joukum. Then she desires as a propine,
Thae Bonnets, Bawfy's, yours and mine;
And well I wat that's nae great matter,
If I sae easily can get her,

Bristle. Ha, ha! ye Judas, are ye there?
The D -- then nor she neer get mair.
Is that the trifle that ye spoke of?
Wha think ye, sir, ye mak a mock of?
Ye sily mansworn scant of grace,
Swith let me never see your face.

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Seek my auld Bonnet aff my head!
 Faith that's a bonny ane indeed!
 Require a thing I'll part with never;
 She's get as soon a lap o' my liver,
 Vile whore and jade, the woody hang her.

Bard. Thus said, he said, nae mair for anger,
 But curs'd and ban'd, and was nae far,
 Frae trading Jouk amang the glar.
 While Jouk with language glib as oolie,
 Right pawkily kept aff a toolie.
 Well mask'd with a wedder's skin,
 Although he was a tod within.
 He hum'd and ha'd, and with a cant,
 Held forth, as he had been a saint,
 And quoted texts to prove we'd better,
 Part with a sma' for a greater.

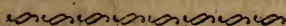
Joukum. Ah! brither, may the furies rack me
 If I mean'd ill, but ye mistak me;
 But gin your Bonnet's sic a jewel,
 Pray gie't or keep it, fir, as you will,
 Since your auld fashion'd fancy rather,
 Inclines till't than a hat and feather;
 But I'll go try my brither Bawfy,
 Poor man, he's nae sae daft and faucy.
 With empty pride to crook his mou,
 And hinder his ain good like you;
 If he and I agree, ne'er doubt ye,
 We'll make the bargain up without ye;
 Syne your braw Bonnet and your noddle
 Will hardly baith be worth a bodle.

Bard. At this bauld Bristle's colour chang'd,
 He swore on Rose to be reveng'd,

For he began now to be flied,
 She'd wile the honours frae his head,
 Syne with a stern and canker'd look,
 He thus reprov'd his brother Jauk.

Bristle. Thou vile disgrace of our forbears,
 Wha lang with valiant dint of weirs,
 Maintain'd their right 'gainst a' intrusions
 Of our auld faes the Rosycrucians,
 Dost thou design a last to catch
 Us in a girn with this base match,
 And for the hauding up thy pride,
 Upon thy brither's riggins ride:
 I'll see you hang'd, and her the gither,
 As high as Haman in a tether,
 Ere I with my ain Bonnet quar,
 For any barrow'd beaver ha',
 Whilk I, as Rosie takes the fikees,
 Maun wear or no just as she likes:
 Then let me hear nae mair about her,
 For if ye dare again to mutter,
 Sic vile proposals in my hearing,
 Ye need nae trust to my forbearing;
 For soon my beard will tak a low.
 And I shall crack your crazy pow.

Bard. This said, brave Bristle said nae mair,
 But cock'd his Bonnet with an air,
 Wheel'd round with gloomy brows & muddy,
 And left his brither in a studdy.



CANTO III.

Bard. **N**OW Sol wi' his lang whip gae cracks
 Upon his neighering coofers backs,
 To gar them tak th' Olympian Brae,
 Wi' a cart lade of bleezing day;
 The country hind ceases to snore,
 Bangs fred his bed, unlocks the door,
 His bladder rooms, and gies a rift,
 Then tentily surveys the lift,
 And, weary of his wife and flaes,
 To their imbrace prefers his elaes.
 Scarce had the flark forlook her nest,
 Whan Junk, wha had got little rest,
 For thinking on his plot and lassie,
 Got up to gang and deal wi' Bawfie:
 Away fast o'er the bent he gade,
 And fand him dozing on his bed,
 His blaukets creishy, foul his fark,
 His curtains trim'd with spider's wark;
 Soot draps hang frae his roof and kipples,
 His floor was o' tobacco spitules:
 Yet on the antlets of a deer,
 Hang mony an auld claymore and spear,
 With coat of iron and target trusty,
 Inch thick of dirt and unco rusty:
 Enough appear'd to show his B lly,
 That he was lazy, poor and silly,
 And wad a mak so great buttle,
 About his Bonnet as did Buffle.

Jouk three times rugged at his shoulder,
 At langrun, Bawfy rak'd his een,
 And cries, What's that? What do you mean?
 Then looking up he sees his brither.

Bawfy. Good-morrow Jouk, what brings
 Your'e early up, -- as I'm a finner (you hither
 I seenly rise before my dinner:

Well, what's ye'r news, and how gaes a' ?
 Ye've been an ueno time awa'.

Joukum. Bawfy, I'm blyth to see you well,
 For me, thank God, I keep me heal:

Get up, get up, ye lazy mart,
 I have a secret to impart,

Of which, when I give you an inkling,
 It will set bait your lugs a tinkling.

Bard Straight Bawfy rises, quickly dresses
 While haste his youky mind impresses:
 Now rigg'd, and morning drink brought in,
 Thus did sice-gabbet Jouk begin.

Joukum My worthy brither, well I wate,
 O'er ferklets is yur wee estate,
 For sic a meikle faul as yours,
 That to things greater higher towers;
 But ye ly lowering here at hame,
 Neglectfu' baith of wealth and aame,
 Tho' as I said, ye have a mind,
 That is for higher things design'd.

Bawfy. That very true, thanks to the skies
 But how to get them there it lies.

Joukum. I'll tell ye Baws, -- I've laid a plot
 That only want your casting vote,

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And if ye'll gie't your bread is baken;
 But first accept of this love-taken;
 Here tak this gowd and never want,
 Enough to gar you drink and rant;
 And this is but an arle-penny,
 To what I afterward design ye;
 And in return I'm sure that I,
 Shall naithing seek that ye'll deny.

Bawfy. And troth now Jouk, and neither will
 Or after never ca' me Billy;
 If I refuse, wae light upon me,
 This gowd, O vow! 'tis wonder bonny.

Joukum. Ay, that it is — 'tis e'en true a'
 That gars the plough of living draw,
 'Tis Gowd gars fogers feicht the fiescer,
 Without it preaching wad be scarcer;
 'Tis gowd that makes the great men witty,
 And puggy lassies fair and pretty;
 Wi' hout it ladies nice wad dwindle,
 Down to a wife that moves a spindle.

But to the point, and wae D gression,
 I make a free and plain confession,
 That I'm in love, and as I said,
 Demand from you a little aid,
 To gain a bride that eithly can,
 Make me for blest and you a man:
 Give me your Bonnet to present
 My mistress with, and your consent,
 To rive the Dast and fashio'd deed,
 That bids ye wear it on you head.

Bawfy. O gosh! O gosh! then Jouk have at her,
 If that be a' 'tis nae great matter.

Joukum. These granted, she demands naemair
 To let us in her riches shair;
 Nor shall our herds as heretofore,
 Rin aff with ane anither's flore,
 Nor ding out ane anither's harns,
 When they forgather 'mang the kairns;
 But freely may drive up and down,
 And sell in ilka market down,
 Belongs to her,---which soon you'll see,
 If ye'll be wise, belang to me:
 And when that happy day shall come,
 My honest Bawfy, there's my thumb,
 That while I breathe I'll ne'er beguile ye,
 Ye'll baith get gow'd, and be a Bailey.

Bawfy. Faith Jouk, I see but little skaith
 In breakin' of a senseless aith,
 That is impos'd by doited dads,
 (To please their whims) on thoughtless lads,
 My Bonnet! welcome to my Bonnet!
 And meikle good may ye mak on it,
 Our father's Will I'll make nae din,
 Tho' Rosie should apply't behin;
 But say, does Billy Bristle ken,
 This your design to mak us men?

Joukum. Ay, that he does, but the stiff ass,
 Bears a heart-hatred to the lass,
 And rattles out a bantle stories,
 Of blood and dirt and ancient glories,
 Meaning fou' feuds that us'd to be,
 Between ours and her family;
 Bans like a blockhead that he'll ne'er,
 Twin with his Bonnet for a her Gear;

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But you and I conjoin'd can ding him,
 And, by a vote, to reason bring him ;
 The stand chose, 'tis unco eith,
 To rive the test ment spite o's teeth,
 And gar him plv, for a' his clavers,
 To lift his Bonnet to our Beavers.

Bawfy Then let the doof delight in drudging
 What cause have we to ten his grudging ;
 Tho' Rosy's fed on the fell
 If you and I be well ourselfs.

Bard Thus Jock and Bawfy were agreed,
 And Briss man yield, it was decreed.

Thus far I've sung in Highland strains,
 Of Jock's armour and pawky pains,
 To gain his end with ilka brither,
 Sae opposite to ane anither ;
 Of Bristle's hardy resolution,
 And hatred to the Rosycrucians ;
 Of Bawfy, put in slavery neck-fast.
 Selling his Bonnet for a breakfast,
 What follows on't, of gain or skaith,
 I'll tell when we hae ta'en our breath.

C A N T O I V.

Bard. **N**OW loon as e'er the Will was torn,
 Jock with twa Bonnets, on the morn,
 Frae Fairyland fast bang'd away,
 The prize at Rosy's feet to lay ;
 Wha fleely when he did appear,
 About his success 'gan to speir.

Joukum. Here bonny lass, your humble slave
 Presents you with the things you crave,

The riven Wi'l and Bonnets twa,
Which makes the third worth nought ava,
Our power gien up, now I demand,
Your promis'd love, and eke your hand.

Bard. Rosie smil'd to see the lad outwitted,
And Bonner's to the flames committed,
Immediately an awfu' sound,
As ane wad thought, rise frae the ground;
And syne appear'd a stalwart Ghaist,
Whase stern and angry looks amaisht
Unhool'd their fauls, — shaking they saw,
Him frae the fire the Bonnets draw;
Then came to Jouk, and with twa drugs,
Encreas'd the length of baith his lugs,
And said —

Ghaist. — Be a' thy days an afs,
And kackney to this cunning lass:
But for these Bonnets I'll preserve them,
For hairs unborn that will deserve them.

Bard. With that he vanish'd frae their een
And leit poor Jouk wi' breeks not clean.
He shakes, while Rosie rants and capers,
And ca's the vision nought but vapours:
Rubs o'er his cheeks and gab wi' ream,
Till he believes't to be a dream:
Syne to the closet leads the way,
To soup him up with usquebae.

Rosie. Now, bonny lad, ye may be free,
To handle ought pertains to me;
And ere the sun though he be dry,
Has driven down the we'llin sky,
To drink his wamefu' of the sea,

There's he but one of you and me.
In marriage ye shall hae my hand;
But I maun hae the sole command,
In fairyland to saw and plant,
An' to send there for ought i want.

Bard Ay, ay, cries Jouk, all in a fire,
An' stiff'ning into strong desire

Joukum. Come haste thee, let us sign and seal
And let my billies gae to the diel.

Bard Here it wad make o'er lang a tale,
To tell how meikle cakes and ale,
And beef and broe, and gryce and geese,
And pies a' running o'er wi' creesh,
Was serv'd upon the wedding-table,
To mak the lads and lasses able,
To do, ye ken, what we think shame,
(Tho' ilka ane does't) to gie't a name.

But true it is, they soon were buckl'd,
And soon she made poor Jouk a cuckold,
And play'd her bawdy sports before him
With cheils that car'd not tippence for him,
Besides a Rosycrucian trick,
She had a dealing with Auld Nick;
And, wheae'er Jouk began to grumble,
Auld Nick in the neist room wad rumble.
She drank, and fought, and spent her gear,
With dice, and felling o' the mare.
Thus living like a Pelzi's get,
She ran herfell sae deep in debt,
By borrowing money at a' hands,
That yearly income of her lands,
Scarce paid the int'rest of her bands.

Jouk, av ca'd wife behind the hand,
 The d'fing of his doings find;
 O'er late he now began to see,
 The ruin of his family:
 But past relief laird in a midden.
 He's now oblig'd to do her bidden.
 Away with strict command he's sent,
 To fairyland to lift the rent,
 And with him many a Catterpillar,
 To rug frae Briss and Bawfy siller;
 For her braid table-maun be serv'd,
 Tho' Fairy-fowk shou'd a' be starv'd.
 Jouk, thus surrounded with his guards,
 Now plunders hay stacks, barns, and yards
 They drive the nowt frae Bristle's fauld,
 While he can nought but ban and scald.

Bristle. Vile slave to a huffey ill begotten
 By many dads, with claps haf rotten,
 We're na for honour of my mithers,
 I shou'd na think ye were my brither.

Jouk. Dear brither, why this rude reflection
 Learn to be greatfu' for protection;
 The Petereueans, bloody beasts,
 That gar fouk lik the dowps of priests,
 Else on a brander, like a haddock,
 Be broolied, sprowing like a paddock,
 These monsters, lang or now had come,
 With faggots, raz, and tuck o' drum,
 And twin'd you of your wealth and lives;
 Syne, without speering,----- your wives,
 Had not the Rosycrucian flood,
 The bulwark of your rights and blood;

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And er' forsooth ye girn and grumole,
And with a gab unthanfu' mumble
Out many a black nnworthy curse,
When Rosie bids ye draw your puise;
Wher' th' s' fae gen'ro fl' content,
With not aboon thirty per cent.

Briple Dinn you and her tho' now I'm blae
In hopetun' yet to see the day,
Ill gar ye baith repeat that e'er,
Ye reav'd by force away my gear,
Without, or thanks, or making price,
Or even speering my advice.

Foukum. Peace gouk, we naething' do at a',
But by the letter of the law:
Then nae m'ir with your din torment us,
Growling like ane non *compos mentis*,
Lise Rosie illue may a writ,
To tye ye up baith hand and fir,
And dun'oon ye but meat or drink
Till ye be starv'd, and die in stink

Bard Thus Juk and Bittle when they met
With sic braw language ither treat.
Just fury glows in Bristle's veins;
And tho' his Bonnet he retains,
Yet on his crest he may not cock it,
But in a coff', close maun lock it.
Bare headed, thus he een knocks under,
And lets them drive away the plunder,
Sae have I seen, beside a tower,
The king of brues oblig'd to cour;
And, on his royal paunches thole,
A dwarf to prod him with a pole!

While he wad shaw his fangs and rage,
With bootless brangling in his cage.

Now follows that we take a peep,
Of Bawly looking like a sheep,
By Bristle hared and dispis'd,
By Jouk and Rosie as little pris'd.

Soon as the horse had heard his brither,
Joukum and Rose were prick'd the gither,
Away they scour o'er hight and how,
For sidging fain what'eer he dow,
Counting what things he now did mister,
That wad be gien him by his sister,
Like shallow bards wha think they see,
Because they live sax stories high,
To some poor lifeless lucubration,
Perfixes fleeching dedication,
And blythly dream they'll be refflor'd.
To ale-house credit by my lord.
Thus Bawly's mind in plenty row'd,
While he thought on his promised gowd,
And baileyship, which he with fines,
Wad mak like the West-India mines,
Arrives, with future greatness dizzy,
Ca's. Where's Mest Jouk?

Beef. --- Mest Jouk is bisy.

Bawfy. My Lady Rosie, is she at leisure?

Beef. No, Sir, my Lady's at her pleasure.

Bawfy. I wait for her, or him, go shew--

Beef. And pray ye, Master, wha are you?

Bawfy. Upo' my faul this porter's sawfy:
Sirrah, go tell my name is Bawfy,

THREE BONNETS. 23

Their brither who made up the marriage.

Beef. and so I thought it by your carriage.
Between your houghs gae clap your gelding,
Swith hame and feast upon a spelding,
For there's nae rom beneath this roof,
To entertain a simple coof,
The like of you, that nain can trust,
Wha to your aih have been unjust.

Bard. this said, he daddled to the yate,
And left poor Bawfy in a fret,
Wha loud growl'd, and made a din,
That was o'erheard by a' within.

Quoth Rafe to Juk. Come let's away,
And see what's yon makes a' this fray,
A-way they went, and saw the creature,
Sair runklung ilka filly feature,
Of his dull phiz, with girns and glooms,
Stamping and buing at his thumbs.

They tented him a little while,
Then came full on him with a smile,
Which soon gart him forget the torture,
Was raisid within him by the porter.

See will a fucking weanin yell,
But shake a rattle or a bell,
It hauds its tongue--- Let that alane,
It to its yamering fa's again :
Lilt up a sang, and st. aight its seen,
To laugh with tears into its een.

Thus eithly anger'd, eithly pleas'd,
Weak Bawfy lang they tantaliez'd,
With promises right wide extended,
The ne'er perform'd, nor ne'er intended :

But now and then when they did need him,
 A supper and a pint they gied him,
 That done, they hae nae mair to say,
 And scarcely ken him the neist day.
 Poor fallow, now this mony a year,
 With some faint hope, and routh of fear,
 He had been wrestling with his fate,
 A drudge to Joukum and his mate;
 While Bristle saves his manly look,
 Regardless baith of Rose and Jouk;
 Maintains right quietly 'yond the cairns,
 His honour, conscience, wife and bairns,
 Jouk and his rumelgary wife,
 Drive on a drunken gaming life,
 'Cause sober they can get no rest,
 For Nick and Duniwhistle's ghaist,
 Wha in the garrets often tooly,
 And shore them with a bloody gully.

Thus have I sung in hamlet rhyme,
 A sang that scorns the teeth of time,
 Yet modestly I hide my name,
 Admirin'g virtue mair than tame.
 But tent ye wha despise instruction,
 And give my wark a wrong construction,
 Frae 'hind my curtain, mind I tell ye,
 I'll shoot a satire thro' your belly;
 But wha with havins jees his Bonnet,
 And says, thanks ty'e for your Sonnet,
 Ye shanna want the praises due,
 To generosity. Adieu.

